Fuel Waste

Nation Reckless of Its Treasures of Wood and Coal

By DR. I. C. WHITE,
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A GREAT geologist once said: "The nations that have coal and iron will rule the world." Bountiful nature has dowered the American people with a heritage of both coal and iron richer by far than that of any other political division of the earth.

What accounts can we, as a nation, give of our stewardship of such vast fuel treasures? Have we carefully conserved them, using only what was necessary in our domestic and industrial life, and transmitted the remainder like prudent husbandmen, unimpaired to succeeding generations? Or have we greatly depleted this priceless heritage of power and comfort and source of world wide influence, by criminal waste and wanton destruction? The answer should bring a blush of shame to every patriotic American, for not content with destroying our magnificent forests, the only fuel and supply of carbon known to our forefathers, we are with ruthless hands and regardless of the future applying the torch and dynamite to the vastly greater resources of this precious carbon which provident Nature has stored for our use in the buried forests of the distant past. The wildest anarchists determined to destroy and overturn the foundations of government could not act in a more irrational and thoughtless manner than have our people in permitting such fearful destruction of the very sources of our power and greatness.

The prospect is not a pleasing one to contemplate. True, the natural wealth of our beloved Union is so great and varied; our richness of soil, of forest and stream are so vast if preserved, and their boundless possibilities thoroughly utilized, that we would probably have the advantage of all other nations in the struggle for existence even after our fuel resources have been exhausted, but this is no reason why we should not do everything possible to conserve them so that we may retain to a remote future the great benefits which their possession assures.

The Wise Are Good

By PROF. HENRY SIDGWICK.

Firstly, men do not see their duty with sufficient clearness; secondly, they do not feel the obligation to do it with sufficient force. But there are great differences of opinion among thoughtful persons as to the relative importance of these different sources of wrong conduct. The commonest opinion is disposed to lay stress on the latter, the defect of feeling or will, and even to consider the defect of intellectual insight as having comparatively little practical importance. It is not uncommon to hear it said by preachers and moralizers that we all know our duty quite sufficiently for practical purposes if we could only spur or brace our wills into steady action in accordance with our convictions.

It is no doubt true that if we suppose all our intellectual errors and limitations to remain unchanged, and only the feebleness of character which prevents our acting on our convictions removed, an immense improvement would take place in many departments of human life. But it is important not to overlook other inevitable results of the supposed change which certainly would not be improvements.

Considerations of this kind have led some thoughtful minds to take an exactly opposite view and to regard it of paramount importance to remove the intellectual source of error in conduct, holding with Socrates that the true good of each individual man really is consistent and harmonious with the true good of all the rest, and that what every man really wants is his own good if he only knew it.

Suppose that every one who is liable to drink too much had clearly presented to his mind in the moment of temptation the full amount of harm that his inebriety was doing for his bodily health, his reputation, his means of providing for those who look to him for support; some there are, no doubt, who would drink all the same, but the great majority of those not yet in bondage to the unnatural craving would draw back.

Suppose again that any one who is wronging a neighbor saw, as clearly as any impartial judge or friend would see, the violation of right that he is committing, surely only a thoroughly bad man would persist in his wrongdoings. And thoroughly bad men are rare exceptions among the beings of checkered moral natures of whom the great mass of mankind consists.

Simple Rules For Success

By SEN. NATHAN B. SCOTT, Jr., West Virginia.

The rules for success are the simple rules of honesty, truthfulness and upright, clean living. It is the best thing in the world for a young man or girl, either, for that matter, to set down his expenses and receipts and to know every day just where he stands, and to be sure that receipts are in excess of expenditures. If he earns little, spend less; have something on the right side of the account at the end of every month. No young man should have the desire to enjoy the luxury of being dunned for debts that he cannot pay. He should live economically, work industriously, earn the good opinion of those with whom he is associated, learn business and thereby lay the foundation for a successful career. Not every man can make a success, not every man can become a millionaire, but every man blessed with common sense and health can get on in the world if he will adopt these rules. Success is absolutely certain to the boy or to the girl who will mark out a course of this kind and stick to it strictly.

It is often said that there are not the same opportunities to make money and advance in life that there used to be. In some respects perhaps this is true. Nevertheless in this great country there is still an opportunity to get ahead in the world, to lay up something for a rainy day, to own one's own home, to raise a family respectably, to educate them and to make a well defined place in the community in which they live. The way to do this is to begin right and live right. This way always pays and no other way does.

The top rounds of the ladder in ethics, business, professional or political life are empty. The lower rounds are always full. Thus the boys and girls should strive to get to the top, where they will have plenty of room.

SERIAL STORY

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of "The Man on the Box," "Hearts and Masks," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It is rather difficult in these days for a man who takes such scant interest in foreign affairs—trust a woman diplomat for that!—to follow the continual geographical disturbances of European surfaces. Thus, I can not distinctly recall the exact location of the Grand Duchy of Barschelt or of the neighboring principality of Doppelkina. It meets my needs and purposes, however, to say that Berlin and Vienna were easily accessible, and that a three hours' journey would bring you under the shadow of the Carpathian range, where, in my diplomatic days, I used often to hunt the "bear that walks like a man."

Barschelt was known among her sister states as "the meddler," the "maker of trouble," and the duke as "Old Grumpy"—Brummotur. To use a familiar Yankee expression, Barschelt had a finger in every pie. Whenever there was a political broth making, whether in Italy, Germany or Austria, Barschelt would snatch up a ladle and start in. She took care of her own affairs so easily that she had plenty of time to concern herself with the affairs of her neighbors. This is not to advance the opinion that Barschelt was wholly modern; far from it. The fault of Barschelt may be traced back to a certain historical pillar of salt, easily recalled by all those who attended Sunday school. "Rubbering" is a vulgar phrase, and I disdain to use it.

When a woman looks around it is invariably a portent of trouble; the man forgets his important engagement, and runs amuck, knocking over people, principles and principalities. If Aspasia had not observed Pericles that memorable day; if there had not been an oblique slant to Calypso's eyes as Ulysses passed her way; if the eager Delilah had not offered favorable comment on Samson's ringlets; in fact, if all the women in history and romance had gone about their affairs as they should have done, what uninteresting reading history would be to-day!

Now, this is a story of a woman who looked around, and of a man who did not keep his appointment on time; out of a grain of sand, a mountain. Of course there might have been other causes, but with these I'm not familiar.

This Duchy of Barschelt is worth looking into. Imagine a country with telegraph and telephone and medieval customs, a country with electric lights, railways, surface cars, hotel elevators and ancient laws! Something of the customs of the duchy must be told in the passing, though, for my part, I am vigorously against explanatory passages in stories of action. Barschelt bristled with militarism; the little man always imitates the big one, but lacks the big man's excuses. Militarism entered into and overshadowed the civic laws.

There were three things you might do without offense: you might bathe, eat and sleep, only you must not sleep out loud. The citizen of Barschelt was hemmed in by a set of laws which had their birth in the dark dungeons of the Inquisition. They congealed the blood of a man born and bred in a commercial country. If you broke a law, you were relentlessly punished; there was no mercy. In America we make laws and then hide them in dull-looking volumes which the public have neither the time nor the inclination to read. In this duchy of mine it was different; you ran into a law on every corner, in every park, in every public building; little oblong signs, enameled, which told you that you could not do something or other—"Forbidden!" The beauty of German laws is that when you learn all the things that you can not do, you begin to find out that the things you can do are not worth a bang in the dotzg.

As soon as a person learned to read he or she began life by reading those laws. If you could not read, so much the worse for you; you had to pay a guide who charged you almost as much as the full cost of the tour.

The opposition political party in the United States is always howling militarism, without the slightest idea of what militarism really is. One side, please, to Barschelt, when an officer comes along, or take the consequences. If you carelessly bumped into him, you were knocked down. If you objected, you were arrested. If you struck back, you to one you received a beating with the flat of a saber. And never, never mistake the soldiery for the police; that is to say, never ask an officer to direct you to any place. This is regarded in the light of an insult. The cut Duvernois is more to keep a passable sidewalk—for the passage of said cut Duvernois—than all the watercarter put together. Now then, need to swagger up and down the Konigstrasse, around the Platz, in and out of the restaurants. I remember doing some skirmishing myself, and I was a diplomat supposed to be immune from the rank discourtesies of the military. But that was early in my career.

In a year not so remote as not to be readily recalled, the United States packed me off to Barschelt because I had a uncle who was a senator. Some papers were given me, the permission to hang out a shingle reading "American Consul," and the promise of my board and keep. My amusements were to be paid out of my own pocket. Straightway I purchased three horses, found a capable Japanese valet, and selected a cozy house near the barracks, which stood west of the Volksgarten, on a pretty lake. A beautiful road ran around this body of water, and it wasn't long ere the officers began to pass comments on the riding of "that wild American." As I detest what is known as park riding, you may very well believe that I circled the lake at a clip which must have opened the eyes of the easy-going officers. I grew quite chummy with a few of them, and I may speak of occasions when I did not step off the sidewalk as they came along. A man does more toward gaining the affection of foreigners by giving a good dinner now and then than by international law. I gained considerable fame by my little dinners at Muller's ratheskeller, under the Continental hotel.

Six months passed, during which I rode, read, drove and dined, the actual labors of the consulate being cared for by a German clerk who knew more about the business than I did.

By this you will observe that diplomacy has degenerated into the gentle art of earning jaded palates and of scribbling one's name across passports; I know of no better definition. I forget what the largess of my office was.

Presently there were terrible doings. The old reigning grand duke desired peace of mind; and moving determinedly toward this end, he declared in public that his niece, the young and tender Princess Hildegarde, should wed the Prince of Doppelkina, whose vineyards gave him a fine income. This was finality; the avuncular guardian had waited long enough for his willful ward to make up her mind as to the selection of a suitable husband; now he determined to take a hand in the matter. And you shall see how well he managed it.

It is scarcely necessary for me to state that her highness had her own ideas of what a husband should be like, gathered, no doubt, from ascertainable translations from "Ouida" and the gentle Miss Braddon. A girl of 20 usually has a formidable respect for romance, and the princess was fully up to the manner of her kind. If she could not marry romantically, she refused to marry at all.

I can readily appreciate her uncle's perturbation. I do not know how many princelings she threw into utter darkness. She would never marry a man who wore glasses, this one was too tall, that one too short; and when one happened along who was without visible earmarks or signs of being shop worn her refusal was based upon just—"Because!"—a reason as invincible as the fabled spear of Farsifal. She had spurned the addresses of Prince Mischief, laughed at those of the Count of —— —— —— (the short dash indicates the presence of a hyphen) and General Muerrisch, of the emperor's body-guard, who was, I'm assured sincerely—in his own opinion—the handsomest man in his own service. Every mail brought to the capital some suitor with a coronated, sophisticated name and a pedigree as long as a horse's tail of a three story. But the princess did not care for postpones that were spontaneous or bowlegged. One and all of them she cast aside as unworthy her consideration. Then, like the ancient wives, the duke turned. She should marry Doppelkina, who, having no wife to do the honors in his castle, was wholly agreeable.

The Prince of Doppelkina reigned over the neighboring principality. If you stood in the middle of it and were a baseball player, you could throw a stone across the frontier in any direction. But the vineyards were among the finest in Europe. The prince was a widower, and among his own people was affectionately styled "der Rot assic," which, I believe, designates an illuminated proboscis. When he wasn't fishing for rainbow trout he was sleeping in his cellars. He was often mistaken at the monthly reviews, but nobody ever worried; they knew where to find him. And besides, he might just as well sleep in his cellars as in his carriage, for he never rode a horse if he could get out of doing so. He was really good-natured and easy-going, so long as no one crossed him severely, and you could tell him a joke once and depend upon his understanding it immediately, which is more than I can say for the duke.

Years and years ago the prince had had a son; but at the tender age of three the boy had run away from the castle confines, and no one ever heard of him again. The enemies of the prince whispered among themselves that the boy had run away to escape compulsory military service, but the boy's age precluded this accusation.

The Princess Hildegarde.

The prince advertised, after the fashion of those times, sent out detectives and notified his various brothers; but his trouble went for nothing. Not the slightest trace of the boy could be found. So he was mourned for a season, regretted and then forgotten; the prince adopted the grape arbor.

I saw the prince once. I do not blame the Princess Hildegarde for her rebellion. The prince was not only old; he was fat and ugly, with little, elephant-like eyes that were always vein-shot, restless and full of mischief. He might have made a good father, but I have nothing to prove this. Those bottles of sparkling Moselle which he failed to dispose of to the American trade he gave to his brother in Barschelt or drank himself. He was 68 years old.

A nephew, three times removed, was waiting for the day when he should wabble around in the prince's shoes. He was a lieutenant in the duke's body-guard, a quick-tempered, heady chap. Well, he never wabbled around in his uncle's shoes, for he never got the chance.

I hadn't been in Barschelt a week before I heard a great deal about the princess. She was a famous horsewoman. This made me extremely anxious to meet her. Yet for nearly six months I never even got so much as a glimpse of her. Half of the six months she was traveling through Austria, and the other half she kept out of my way,—not intentionally; she knew nothing of my existence; simply, fate moved us about blindly. At court she was invariably indisposed, and at the first court ball she retired before I arrived. I got up at all hours, galloped over all roads, but never did I see her. She rode alone, too, part of the time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCHOOL CHILDREN WITH MONEY.

One Pupil in New York Acted as the Family Bank.

"Where do school children get all the money they take to school?" was asked a New York teacher who was worrying over the frequent thefts from the pupils in her room.

"I don't know," she said. "The situation is puzzling. It is a fact that almost every child brings money to school. Many of them have only a cent to buy a doughnut or a stick of candy, but others carry surprisingly large sums. Not long ago the charges of theft were so frequent in my room that I tried to stop this universal carrying of money. I asked the mothers not to give their children money during school hours, except in cases where it was really needed to buy luncheon. Many of them promised to cut off the allowance, but the small coins continued to circulate just the same. A few mothers declared that they gave the children money for safe keeping. I learned that one girl in my class came to school day after day with from $20 to $30 pinned in her clothes. The father spent everything he could lay his hands on, and as the little girl's garments were the only place where he could never find the money she was converted into the family bank."

The plan seemed to work, so far as the spendthrift father was concerned, but it worried the teacher.

New Law Offices.

The new law offices of State Representative Harry J. Robinson are in rooms 102-103 Mercantile Block, Salt Lake City, Utah, to whom all who are in need of legal advice are referred.

Worries of Modern Life.

Nowadays we must not drink spirits nor eat meat; we must not smoke; the air of cities is poisonous, the air of the country too strong; the light ruins our eyes and the noise racks our nerves; shaking hands is a means of collecting microbes and kissing is pure suicide. Life is indeed growing dull and difficult.—Madrid Diario.

French Illiteracy.

Although France has had compulsory education for about 25 years, the percentage of illiterates reaches the high figure of 40 per 1,000 men, and 60 per 1,000 women. In this regard Germany appears to great advantage, as she has only four illiterates per 1,000 of population.

Old Gloves.

There have about 50 or 60 kid gloves at the ticket office down at Union station, gray suedes, undressed kids—every old kind. But the trouble is that among them all there is not one pair. They are all odd gloves, mostly "lefts." You see most men carry their money in their left-hand pockets, and when they're buying railroad tickets, they take off the left glove. Then when they go away and leave the glove the boys in the ticket office are no better off than if they had left nothing behind but an air of mystery.

"It's surprising, too," they say at the ticket office, "how many men have one or two fingers missing. Out of the lot of old gloves now there, a dozen or more have at least one finger gone. The ticket sellers watch for men who have fingers missing and try to match them up with gloves that correspond. With that exception, most of the gloves go to waste.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some People.

Some people hunt for work to abuse the same way that an optimist hunts for trouble.

Mountains of Iron Ore.

The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is in Mexico, one in the United States, another in India and a fourth in Africa, just below the Sudan, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

Adding to His Offensiveness.

The man who told us so is always doubly offensive if he comes around after the arrival of our troubles and tries to look as if he had forgotten all about it.